[ficlet] Different Dynamics

- Jul. 2nd, 2011 at 2:07 AM

Title: Different Dynamics.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut!
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Crowley/Sam.
Word Count: 850 words.
Summary: Contextless PWP. What more do you want?

Note: This was written as a bribe for **sycophantastic** so she could get some work done - I hope she likes it!

(Think we should give him some attention now?)

- Current Mood: accomplished

It's not their usual dynamic, and Sam will never admit to liking it, but there's the thing: he *does* like it.

Gabriel practically ignored under them, tied up and gagged and untouched except for Sam's fingers gripping his hip to steady himself as Crowley hisses insults against Sam's skin and drags nails across his chest and - most importantly - grinds his hips down into Sam's lap. Sam's been lubed, and with every roll of Crowley's hips he is pushed deeper into Crowley, but he's not on top, not in control here.

Crowley hasn't bothered to bind Sam's hands, and instead bites at Sam's neck to let him know if he moves in a way Crowley disapproves of, and Sam - well, he tried earlier, tried to grip Crowley's hips and make him move *faster*, but Crowley just laughed - "That's no use, love," - and became as immovable as a statue, holding Sam deep in him for a full minute before he laughed at how Sam abandoned his pride quick enough to beg and began to move again.

There's a whining sound to Sam's left, Gabriel struggling again in the binds, and Sam tips his head forward onto Crowley's shoulder in a laugh because he gets it now, he gets why they love to tie him down and tease him endlessly now.

Crowley pauses, glancing at Gabriel. "Think we should give him some attention now?"

Sam grabs Crowley's chin and pulls him around for a kiss, making it long and deep. When he's done he's panting, and Crowley's lips are quirking against his. "Just a little bit," he murmurs.

Crowley hms, and shrugs, lifting off of Sam. "If you say so - " and Sam yelps as his legs are spread and there are fingers in him, and oh - he knows where this is going -

When Crowley begins to move him, Sam waves him off and positions himself over Gabriel's lap instead. This way, when he lowers down, he can see Gabriel's eyes widen and rest his hands on Gabriel's chest and know that this is what *he* is doing, with his own will.

"We've trained him right and proper, haven't we?" Crowley murmurs to Gabriel as he undoes the gag to kiss him, and Sam decides he can let that one go. After all, he's got Gabriel where he wants him, and commenting on everything Crowley says will probably get him tied down all night.

Instead, Sam begins to thrust, groaning in relief at being able to choose his own speed this time. Without the gag he can hear every moan from Gabriel's lips, and Crowley is helping, if rubbing slow circles around Gabriel's nipples can be called helping.

Sam soon comes with a relieved cry and lets himself fall to the side after pulling out, curling up close to Gabriel.

"Hey!" Gabriel protests, hips jerking helplessly. "I'm not done!"

Sam makes a grunting noise and reaches a hand out, but Crowley swats it away.

"Lucky for you, neither am I." Crowley says, like Sam was hoping he would, and Sam leans back to watch Crowley ride Gabriel this time.

Sam may not admit that he likes what Crowley does for their threesomes, but he can't hide his interest in watching it when Gabriel and Crowley focus exclusively on each other.

He doesn't need to worry about jealousy, either, as they've both got superhuman stamina, and despite what his brother might say about wasted opportunities, Sam likes waking up with them knowing that they've all been sated.

Besides - Sam can always do what he does now: he scoots a little closer and slides his finger under Gabriel, finding his entrance and stroking it gently, and Gabriel's expression as always is worth the extra effort.

"Sam Winchester," Crowley says, voice getting that waver that means he's close,

"Stop interfering."

"Are you jealous?" Sam asks with a grin, and slides his finger into Gabriel.

"No," Crowley says, and it's so obviously a lie that Sam makes a note that he should ask Crowley more questions when he's this close to coming.

Gabriel laughs this time, flushed. "Shut up and finish this already, or I'll help him make you feel inadequate."

"How are you still coheren - " Crowley growls and moves faster, and Sam pulls his finger free, grinning. Yeah, there's the other reason he likes them so much: they're so much fun to play off of each other.

Sam sits back and watches as Crowley drives Gabriel over the edge and comes soon after, and Sam scoots back over to lean on Gabriel when Crowley lets himself down on Gabriel's chest to rest.

"Untie me?" Gabriel asks, after a minute.

"No," Sam says at the same time Crowley does.

He can feel Crowley's eyes on him, but what's it to him if he feels like keeping Gabriel bound just a little longer?

"Winchester," Crowley says at last. "I fear that I might be rubbing off on you."

"Is that a bad thing?" Sam asks.

"Yes!" Gabriel interjects.

Sam chuckles and closes his eyes, not waiting for Crowley's opinion.